

Adventures in

by ikanobori

Category: Halo

Genre: Humor, Parody

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2007-08-22 02:40:15

Updated: 2007-08-22 02:40:15

Packaged: 2016-04-27 01:18:06

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,029

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: RvB parody. DramaActionHumor. May continue sometime in the future.

Adventures in

****Adventures inâ€|****

****ZANZIBAR****

****Pink Team ****

****Leader: 'Doctor' Quinn****

****Interesting Personas: Surfer, Poet****

****Generic Soldiers: 48****

****VERSUS****

****Brown Team****

****Leader: Shadow ****

****Interesting Personas: Night Hawk, Hyperblade****

****Generic Soldiers: 48****

****GO!****

"Looks like Brown Team is having a field day with those two hostages they got after Alpha's stakeout last night," said Generic Soldier (GS) 28, as she peered through her sniper rifle's scope from atop Pink Team's ruined base. Five GS had been camping outside the Pink Base to see what was stealing supplies from the base every night. Brown team charged Alpha group, and managed to kill three of them, taking two others hostage. Currently, they had them tied to the back

of a Warthog, driving around wildly, almost killing them every time they made a turn. They were both frightened to the point of where most of their senses were unresponsive.

"Yeah. I guess you're right," replied GS 41, looking through his binoculars. "So, did you notice those two guys down there, one with the overcharged plasma pistol and the other with the BR-55?"

"Uhâ€|nope. But now I do! Get down!" shouted GS 28, ducking down behind the ruined stone wall where she had mounted her sniper rifle earlier. GS 41, however, was a little too late. The plasma shot nailed him in the chest, and the BR-55 shot blew his brains against the wall behind him. He fell to the ground, as GS 28 crawled over to him. "Ohmigawd!" she shouted. "Are you okay?!"

"Oh, yeah. Me? Yeah, I'm fine. A BR shot to the head is nothin'. I've been through worse-ARGH!" he shouted.

"Okayâ€|okay, you need a medic. MEDIC!" she screamed. Quinn came rushing over. GS 28 sighed. "A _real_ medic, please?"

"Woman, shut up! I am a real medic!" screamed Quinn. "Now, what seems to be the problem?"

Meanwhile, the two soldiers shooting below, GS 1 and GS 2, called over the COM for the Warthog.

"Awâ€|but we were having fun!" shouted GS 4, the passenger.

"Yeah, yeah, I understand how much fun war crimes are. But we have a sniper right freaking above us! Help! I've only got one clip left!" replied a frantic GS 2.

"Aw, fine. We're comingâ€|" groaned GS 3, the driver.

"Hey, what's goin' on up there?" asked GS 5, the gunner in the Warthog.

"We got a sniper out frontâ€|02 and 01 are stuck there. Get ready," replied GS 3. He swerved to avoid a corner, hit the e-brake, and ordered his squad mates to fire. The gunner hit a brown unit standing above pointing an accusing finger below. The unit hit the ground, injured or stunned, but not dead. Two more ran up with SMGs and began spraying the ground below. Bullets ripped up the ground underneath GS 01, as he charged forward wildly, with an active frag grenade at ready. Soon, he began jerking back from the force of bullets hitting his body, and he fell to the ground, but not before the grenade made it into the air and over the ruined wall that guarded the upper section of the Pink base.

"Grenade! Watch it!" shouted one of the six GS that had arrived after hearing the gunfire. It exploded in the air, ripping off the head of one GS. Quinn was still holding his head after he was shot several times by the Warthog turret. GS 41 was still holding on to dear life by a string, as GS 28 watched him die slowly. She held her helmet closely to his head, and with his dying breath, he saidâ€|

"_F you, Brown Team!_" and died. Quinn proceeded to rise from the ground, and ducked next to 41's dead body.

"Okay, miss, now that my head doesn't feel like a Sunday morning hangover, what seems to be the problem?" asked Quinn.

"He's _dead_, you quack!" she screamed.

"Hah! Amateur. You're no doctor. I can tell if he's dead or not, and judging from my calculationsâ€¦he _is_ _dead. Hm. I wonder howâ€¦these bullets certainly don't provide any cluesâ€¦or these blood splatters" mumbled Quinn.

"He was shot in the head by a BR-55!"

"Let me tell you something, rookie"

"I'm not a rookie"

"I was investigating COD's when you were still figuring out which side of the playpen smells the worst"

"I've been a soldier for 10 years"

"So why don't you go back to your primitive sergeant and tell _him_ _what_ you think of how this soldier died?" GS 28 then proceeded to run down into the cavern of Pink base to defend from invasion.

"Yeah. I'm thinkin' a BR-55 shot to the head" concluded Quinn. "Next case!" As he jumped up, shots from a Warthog whizzed by his face, stunning him momentarily, but he managed to jump back down to cover. One of his men came rushing up the stairs with a rocket launcher, and managed to lift it up onto his shoulder, but was shot down by the soldier manning the Warthog below. Quinn crawled over to the soldier, who reached his hand into the air, and begged Quinn for help.

"OH GOD! A _zombie_! Shoot it! Shoot it!" Quinn screamed. He grabbed his dual magnum sidearm, and fired two shots into the soldier's head, who died shortly thereafter. He picked up the rocket launcher, and dove next to 41's body, getting ready to pop up and surprise Brown team by destroying the Warthog, which seemed to be the most vital part of their arsenal currently. There was a brief lull in the fighting, and that's when Quinn jumped up and took aim at the Warthog.

"Hah! Take _this_, vile fiends!" he shouted. He soon found himself looking down the barrels of 49 machine guns. "Uhâ€¦okayâ€¦never mind. You guysâ€¦uhâ€¦yeah." He then proceeded to duck down behind the ruined wall of Pink base, quivering in his armor.

"Umâ€¦sir?" asked a soldier next to him.

"Yes, Private?" replied Quinn.

"Uhâ€¦exactly, what rank are you?"

"Doctor."

"Sirâ€¦with all due respect, that's not a rank."

"Ah! A traitor!" Quinn proceeded to throw him over the wall and onto

the ground in front of Brown team.

"Uhâ€¦hi guys" he said. The only thing Pink team heard then was the sound of gunfire, and a single voice yelling "That doesn't go there."

****One hour laterâ€¦****

"Alright, men. I need you to distract them with heavy weapons fire, as the remaining soldiers retreat back to base. Understood? I'm going to infiltrate the base and assassinate Quinn, as ordered by Shadow" whispered Hyperblade behind a corner leading to the blockade created by Brown team. The assault on Pink base had not lightened in the least. It had been almost a standstill for an hour, with the exception of one sniper killed, and GS 2 and 4 being killed. The blockade slowly started moving back, confusing Pink team, but Heavy GS started filing in line to create another blockade, which Pink team did not notice. As soon as the confusion cleared, rockets hit every piece of Pink base.

"Man down!"

"We need a medic over here!"

"Let's move our asses to defensive positions!"

"What was that?!"

Confusion and panic spread throughout Pink base, along with injuries and KIA's. Meanwhile, Hyperblade proceeded to sneak into Pink base through a hidden sniper position. He noticed three guards surrounding one medic, all looking the other direction. He threw a plasma grenade on the medic, and ducked down as it exploded. Two other soldiers rushed over and fired wildly with BR-55s. Hyperblade unsheathed his second sword, and sliced the two soldiers in half, as another soldier threw a grenade under him. He jumped in the air, spun around, and had a hole blown through him by a shotgun blast. He fell to the ground, dead. Surfer, an interesting persona from Pink team, stepped forward.

"Dudes! We win! This guy looks like an officer or something! Let's go surfing!" he shouted.

"No, not yet. They still have a heavy weapons team out there. We need to take care of that" said GS 28, with a shaky voice. She knelt on the ground, and began devising a plan with a few other squad mates.

"Sir, we have bad news" said GS 40 over the COM.

"What is it, 40?" replied Shadow.

"Hyperblade's been killed. Unknown howâ€¦he definitely didn't kill Quinn, though. That's for sure. Quinn's out on the rooftop nowâ€¦andâ€¦oh no. Oh NOOO!" shouted GS 40.

"What?! What is it 40?! What's going on now?!"

Two Scorpion tanks came from out of Pink base, and fired two shells at the heavy weapons blockade, massacring the eight of them. They

then proceeded to return to Pink base.

"Woo! We won, dudes!" shouted Surfer. Another interesting persona appeared beside him. This one was named Poet.

"To be or not to be, that is the question. Tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune than to take arms against the sea of troubles" he said in a put-on British accent. Surfer gave him a weird look.

****That nightâ€| ****

"Let us all remember 41â€|one of the best GS from Pink teamâ€|and let us not forget the rest of the GS we lost in this battle, all making the ultimate sacrifice for each otherâ€|"

What remained of Pink team sat around a fire created out of ruins in the base on the beach. Most of them were pretty upset, since their comrades were dead. Out of the 50 soldiers originally on Pink team, only 32 were left. Brown team had 37. They were outnumbered in quantityâ€|but, hopefully not quality. Quinn approached the campfire, a magnum at his side.

"Gentlemenâ€|we've intercepted a note that was sent to us from Brown team" he stated, nobly.

"Uh, sir?" asked a GS.

"Yes, Private?"

"How did we intercept a letter that was meant for us?" Quinn pulled out his magnum and shot the soldier in the head, killing him.

"Any other questions?" asked Quinn. No one raised their hand. "Good. Didn't think so. Anyway, here's the letter" Quinn held up the letter, which consisted of a few brown stick figures killing a few pink stick figures. The word "TONITE" was written below. "As you can clearly see, they plan to infiltrate our base and kill us tonight. Also, 28, I think that's you in the corner there, beingâ€|raped? I guess? Yeah. Cause they drew boobies. And you have boobies. That's called logic, men. Very important tool on the battlefield. You probably want to hear my plan. Well, the truth is, I don't have one. We're f. And that's it. Good day, gentlemen." Quinn walked off the beach, and back into his office. The hopes of Pink team sunk even lower. GS 28 stood up amongst her peers, and began a brave speech:

"Guys! Pull yourselves together! We've got to defeat Brown team once and for all! We can do it! Even if our leader is a homicidal maniac! We can make it through this together with the power of team work! We've got to do this! For each other! For Quinn! For 41!"

"Wait...great speech and everythingâ€|but who the hell's 41?" asked GS 11.

"Weren't you at the funeral?" replied GS 28.

"Yeahâ€|did he evenâ€|y'knowâ€|die? Or fight? I don't recall him from anywhere" replied GS 13.

"The whole funeral was dedicated to him for being the first casualty!" she screamed back.

"Oh. Huh. I still don't remember him. Ah well, see you later. I'm getting me some coffee!" he replied, and skipped along merrily back into the base.

"Ah yes! Once more unto the breach dear friends, once more!" said Poet, dramatically. He suddenly fell forward after a loud bang. Surfer appeared behind him with a shotgun.

"God, dude. Just shut the f up. You're so goddamn annoying. Does anyone honestly care that I killed this guy?" he asked.

"Uh...no" replied the entire Pink team in unison.

"Great. Go on with your enchanted evening then. Geez, that guy was annoying." Surfer kicked the corpse of Poet, and walked away.

****11:00 PM****

"Hey...here they come. Let's sound the alarm and activate the floodlights" whispered GS 13.

"Yeah, understood 13" replied GS 28, as she carried the message through the COM. The alarm in Pink base went off, stunning the Brown team soldiers for a moment, but long enough to kill a few. The outside defense was killed quickly, and Brown team moved within the base. Another heavy weapons squad began bombarding the outside of Pink Base, as Pink Base's gauss turrets replied in the same way. The teams were matching each other blow for blow, soldier for soldier. The foundation of Pink base was beginning to collapse, yet unknown to Brown base, the foundation had collapsed within their base, and it was falling. Shadow was within the base, being evacuated by his bodyguards.

"Let's move this way!" shouted GS 1 to his squad. They walked right into a death trap within the base. Twelve Brown team soldiers began firing upon them in a narrow corridor with shotguns. GS 1 was the first down, and then followed his squad, GS 2-5. The Brown team squad only lost three soldiers in the firefight.

"Wait here" said a dark voice from the center of the cluster of soldiers. He stepped out, and holstered his magnum. He was Night Hawk, an interesting persona from Brown team. "I need you four to come with me, and the rest of you to wait outside here, watching the beach." He then proceeded to walk down the stairs into Quinn's office.

"We could use your help, Surfer!" shouted GS 28. She was sitting next to GS 33 in a Warthog, waiting for a gunner. Surfer hopped on board the gunner section, and they drove off. On their way to Brown base, they encountered little resistance, until they met with Shadow that is. He was just stepping out of the titanium gate, and into his customized Ghost, when he noticed the three. His bodyguards raised their weapons, and prepared in fire.

"No. Let me get to know them" he said, calmly. He stepped forward, next to GS 33. "Who are you?"

"You'll never get any information out of me, you rat!" he shouted, and fired three shots at Shadow, who dodged them easily. He then set a plasma grenade right on the faceplate of GS 33. Screaming, he tried to warn the others, but it was too late. It exploded, sending the Warthog flipping through the air, and Surfer was thrown out. It landed sideways on the ground, and GS 28 was barely able to get out of the driver's seat, and take cover behind the Warthog. Her armor was damaged, and her shields low. Surfer was trying to hold off Shadow with his shotgun, but his efforts were futile. He was blown to pieces by a rocket launcher. 28 was trying her best to make herself hidden, and it seemed to work, as Shadow ignored her, thinking she was killed in the crash.

Meanwhile, in Quinn's office, he listened to the sounds of battle raging outside. Just then, his door was busted open by Night Hawk, magnum in hand.

"I suppose you realize you've lost this battle, Mister Quinn?" he asked, rhetorically.

"It's DOCTOR Quinn, you bastard!" Quinn shouted, as he leaped across the table, a combat knife in hand. He shoved it through the facemask of Night Hawk, and as he fell to the ground screaming in pain, he took out another knife and slit his throat. He looked up, and saw his four bodyguards raise their BR-55s and point them in his general direction. He jumped in the air and threw knives in all of their throats. They coughed blood onto the walls of Quinn's office, and fell to the ground dying. Quinn left his office, and turned around to see six more bodyguards of Night Hawk's pointing their rifles at him. Quinn removed his helmet, since the faceplate was smeared with blood, revealing his short, yet wavy brown hair, muscular face, and green eyes. A scar was drawn across the left side of his face. He withdrew his last knife, and prepared for the next round of chaos against Brown team.

"Hmâ€|where's that last soldier, huh?" asked Shadow.

"Sir, we can't find the soldier. I suggest we move along â€"ARGH!" shouted one of Shadow's bodyguards, falling to the ground. Two more fell right afterwards, and Shadow fell last. As he was breathing his last breaths, GS 13 appeared right above him, holding a shotgun to his face.

"Didn't expect that, did you?" he laughed. Just then, a sniper rifle shot blew through Shadow's helmet, and blowing up his head. Brown team had been defeated, but just as GS 28 and GS 13 met up, both bases collapsed at the same time. 28 and 13 ran towards their own base, and saw only Quinn standing. The armor on his arms was missing, along with his helmet. The tanks and Warthogs were destroyed. Several Pelicans landed on the beach, and out marched reinforcements for Pink team. They began searching the wreckage for bodies, and rounded up survivors, as they loaded them onto the Pelicans. The Pink team and Brown team battle was finally over.

****POST BATTLE STATS****

****Pink Team Stats:****

****Live Officers: 1 (Quinn)****

****Dead Officers: 2 (Poet, Surfer)****

****Survivors: 3 (GS 13, GS 28, Officer Quinn)****

****Brown Team Stats:****

****Live Officers: 0****

****Dead Officers: (Hyperblade, Night Hawk, Shadow)****

****Survivors: 10 (GS 3, GS 5, GS 6, GS 7, GS 9, GS 13, GS 32, GS 33, GS 35, GS 37)****

End
file.